

Secrets of the Hohenzollerns

STARTLING EXPOSURE OF INNER LIFE OF KAISER AND CROWN PRINCE AS TOLD BY COUNT ERNST VON HELTZENDORFF TO WILLIAM LEQUEUX

EDITORIAL NOTE.—William Lequeux, who has been chronicling for his friend, Count Ernst von Helztendorf, the latter's revelations of the inner life of the Hohenzollerns, has long been recognized throughout Europe as the possessor of its innermost secrets.

The English "Who's Who" says of him: "He has intimate knowledge of the secret services of Continental countries and is considered by the government as a man of great authority on such matters." Another authority says: "Few people have been more closely associated with or more conversant with the innermost secrets of the Hohenzollerns than he."

Lequeux has been more successful in his career than any other in the world, for he has been able to secure the most valuable of all secrets—those of the Hohenzollerns—those which have been the lifeblood of the Hohenzollerns for centuries.

Count von Helztendorf became an intimate of Lequeux several years prior to the outbreak of the war. He has been living in retirement at Potsdam since August, 1914, and it was there that Lequeux received from the crown prince his personal account of the Hohenzollerns—those which have been the lifeblood of the Hohenzollerns for centuries.

Count von Helztendorf became an intimate of Lequeux several years prior to the outbreak of the war. He has been living in retirement at Potsdam since August, 1914, and it was there that Lequeux received from the crown prince his personal account of the Hohenzollerns—those which have been the lifeblood of the Hohenzollerns for centuries.

British Girl Balks The Kaiser's Plans

IOW completely we have put to sleep these very dear cousins of ours, the British! His Imperial Highness, the crown prince, made this remark to me as he sat in the corner of a first-class compartment of an express that had ten minutes before left Paddington station for the West of England.

The crown prince, though not generally known, frequently visited England and Scotland in disguise, and we were upon one of those flying visits on that bright summer's morning as the express tore through the delightful English scenery of the Thames valley, with the first morning place at Plymouth, our destination.

The real reason for the visit of my young hot-headed imperial master was concealed from me.

Four days before he had dashed into my room at the Marmor palace at Potsdam. He had been with the emperor in Berlin all the morning, and had not returned back with all speed. Something had occurred, but what it was I failed to discern. He carried some papers in the pocket of his military tunic. From their color I knew they were secret reports—those documents prepared solely for the eyes of the emperor and those of his oldest son.

He took a big lined envelope and placed the papers in it, carefully sealed it in wax.

"We are going to London, Helztendorf. Put that in your dispatch box. I may want it when we are in England."

"To London—when?" I asked, surprised at the suddenness of my journey, because I knew that we were due at Wetmar in two days' time.

"We leave at six o'clock this evening," was the crown prince's reply. "Knocher has ordered the train to be attached to the Hook of Holland train. Harth has already left Berlin to engage rooms for us at the Ritz, in London."

"And the suite?" I asked, for it was one of my duties to arrange who traveled with his imperial highness.

"Oh, we leave Eckhardt at home," he said, for he always hated the surveillance of the commissioner of secret police. "We shall only want Schuler, my valet, and Knof."

"We never traveled anywhere with Knof, the chauffeur, who was with an impudent, arrogant young man, intensely disliked by everyone."

So it was that four of us duly landed at Harwich and traveled to London, our identity unknown to the bustling crowd of tourists returning from their annual holiday on the continent.

At the Ritz, too, "Willie" was not recognized, because all photographs of him show him in an elegant uniform. In a tweed suit, or in evening clothes, he presents an unhealthy, weedy, and somewhat insignificant figure.

His imperial highness had been on the previous day to Carlton House terrace to a luncheon given by the ambassador's wife, but to which nobody was invited but the embassy staff.

That same evening an imperial courier arrived from Berlin and called at the Ritz, where, on being shown into the crown prince's sitting room, he handed his highness a sealed letter from his wife.

"Willie," on reading it, became very grave. Then, striking a match, he lit it, and held it until it was consumed. There was a second letter—which I saw from the emperor. This he also read, and then gave vent to an expression of impatience. For a few minutes he reflected, and it was then he announced that we must go to Plymouth next day.

On arrival there we went to the Royal hotel, where the crown prince registered as Mr. F. Richter, and a private suite of rooms for himself and his secretary, myself. For three days we remained there, taking motor runs to Dartmoor, and also down into Cornwall, until on the morning of the fourth day the crown prince said: "I shall probably have a visitor this morning about eleven o'clock—a young lady named King. Tell them at the bureau to send her up to my sitting room."

At the time appointed the lady came. I received her in the lobby of the sitting room, and found her to be

about twenty-four, well-dressed, fair-haired and extremely good-looking.

Miss King, I learned, was an English girl who some years previously had gone to America with her people, and by the heavy traveling coat and close-fitting hat she wore I concluded that she had just come off one of the incoming liners.

One thing which struck me as I looked at her was the brooch she wore. It was a natural butterfly of a rare tropical variety, with bright golden wings, the delicate sheen of which was protected by small plates of crystal—one of the most charming ornaments I had ever seen.

As I ushered her in she greeted the crown prince as "Mr. Richter," being apparently entirely unaware of his real identity. I concluded that she was somebody whom his highness had met in Germany, and to whom he had been introduced under his assumed name.

"Ah! Miss King!" he exclaimed pleasantly in his excellent English, shaking hands with her. "Your boat should have been in yesterday. I fear you encountered bad weather—eh?"

"Yes, rather," replied the girl. "But it did not trouble me much. We had almost constant gales ever since we left New York," she laughed lightly. She appeared to be quite a charming little person.

"Helztendorf, would you please bring me that sealed packet from your dispatch box?" he asked suddenly, turning to me.

The sealed packet! I had forgotten, all about it ever since he had handed it to me at the door of the Marmor palace. I knew that it contained some secret reports prepared for the eye of the emperor. The latter had no doubt seen them, for the crown prince had brought them with him from Berlin.

As ordered, I took the packet into the room with his highness sat, with his fair visitor, and then I retired and closed the door.

"Can't it be dishonest?"

Hotel doors are never very heavy, as a rule, therefore, I was able to hear conversation, but unfortunately few words were distinct. The interview with the crown prince was not very long, and I was able to hear him say that he was not at all surprised at the girl's behavior. He was, however, very much annoyed.

"Of a sudden I heard his highness' voice raised in anger, that shrill, high-pitched voice which is so peculiar to the emperor and to his son when they are unusually annoyed."

"But I tell you, Miss King, there is no other way," I heard him shout. "It can be done quite easily, and nobody can possibly know."

"Never!" cried the girl. "What would people think of your brother?"

"You wish to save your brother," he said. "Very well, I have shown you how you can effect this. And I will help you if you agree to the terms—I will find out what I want to know."

"I can't!" cried the girl in evident distress. "I refuse to do it. It would be dishonest—criminal!"

"Bah! my dear girl, you are looking at the affair from far too high a standpoint," replied the man she knew as Richter. "It is a mere matter of business. You ask me to assist you to save your brother, and I have simply stated my terms. Surely you would not think that I would travel from Berlin here to Plymouth in order to meet you if I were not ready and eager to help you?"

"I must ask my father. I can speak to him in confidence."

"Your father?" cried Mr. Richter. "By no means. Why, you must not breathe a single word to him. This affair is a strict secret between us. Please understand that." Then, after a pause: "Your brother is, I quite admit, in great peril, and you must save him. Now, what is your decision?"

The girl's reply was in a tone too low for me to overhear. His tenor, however, was quickly apparent from the crown prince's words:

"You have refused, and then, I cannot assist you. I regret, Miss King, that you have your journey to England for nothing."

"But won't you help me, Mr. Richter?" cried the girl appealingly.

"No," he said, and then, after a pause, he said: "You have, however, given me an opportunity to reconsider your decision. You are, no doubt, going to London. So am I. You will meet me in the hall of the Carlton hotel at seven o'clock on Thursday evening, and we will dine together."

"But I can't—I really can't do as you wish. You surely will not compel me to—to commit a crime!"

The crown prince's threat.

"Hush!" he cried. "I have shown you these papers, and you know my intentions. Remember, the crown prince's father must know nothing. Nobody must suspect, or you will find yourself in equal peril with your brother."

"You—you are cruel!" sobbed the girl.

"No, no," he said cheerfully. "Don't cry, please. Think it all over, Miss King, and meet me in London on Thursday night."

After listening to the appointment, I discreetly withdrew into the corridor on pretense of summoning a waiter, and when I returned the pretty English girl was taking leave of "Mr. Richter."

Her blue eyes betrayed traces of emotion, and she was, I saw, very pale. Her heavy-lidded eyes and attitude when she had entered there.

"Well, good-by, Miss King," said his highness, grasping her hand. "It was really awfully good of you to call. We shall meet again very soon—eh? Good-by."

Then, turning to me, he asked me to conduct her out.

On returning to the crown prince, I found him in a decidedly savage mood. He was pacing the floor impatiently, muttering angrily to himself. It was apparent that some plan of his was being thwarted by the girl's refusal to conform to his wishes and obtain certain information he was seeking.

The crown prince, when in a foreign country, was never late. His carriage was always waiting for him, and he was always on time. He was, however, very much annoyed.

"Of a sudden I heard his highness' voice raised in anger, that shrill, high-pitched voice which is so peculiar to the emperor and to his son when they are unusually annoyed."

"But I tell you, Miss King, there is no other way," I heard him shout. "It can be done quite easily, and nobody can possibly know."

"Never!" cried the girl. "What would people think of your brother?"

"You wish to save your brother," he said. "Very well, I have shown you how you can effect this. And I will help you if you agree to the terms—I will find out what I want to know."

"I can't!" cried the girl in evident distress. "I refuse to do it. It would be dishonest—criminal!"

"Bah! my dear girl, you are looking at the affair from far too high a standpoint," replied the man she knew as Richter. "It is a mere matter of business. You ask me to assist you to save your brother, and I have simply stated my terms. Surely you would not think that I would travel from Berlin here to Plymouth in order to meet you if I were not ready and eager to help you?"

"I must ask my father. I can speak to him in confidence."

"Your father?" cried Mr. Richter. "By no means. Why, you must not breathe a single word to him. This affair is a strict secret between us. Please understand that." Then, after a pause: "Your brother is, I quite admit, in great peril, and you must save him. Now, what is your decision?"

The girl's reply was in a tone too low for me to overhear. His tenor, however, was quickly apparent from the crown prince's words:

"You have refused, and then, I cannot assist you. I regret, Miss King, that you have your journey to England for nothing."

"But won't you help me, Mr. Richter?" cried the girl appealingly.

"No," he said, and then, after a pause, he said: "You have, however, given me an opportunity to reconsider your decision. You are, no doubt, going to London. So am I. You will meet me in the hall of the Carlton hotel at seven o'clock on Thursday evening, and we will dine together."

"But I can't—I really can't do as you wish. You surely will not compel me to—to commit a crime!"

The crown prince's threat.

"Hush!" he cried. "I have shown you these papers, and you know my intentions. Remember, the crown prince's father must know nothing. Nobody must suspect, or you will find yourself in equal peril with your brother."

"You—you are cruel!" sobbed the girl.

"No, no," he said cheerfully. "Don't cry, please. Think it all over, Miss King, and meet me in London on Thursday night."

After listening to the appointment, I discreetly withdrew into the corridor on pretense of summoning a waiter, and when I returned the pretty English girl was taking leave of "Mr. Richter."

Her blue eyes betrayed traces of emotion, and she was, I saw, very pale. Her heavy-lidded eyes and attitude when she had entered there.

"Well, good-by, Miss King," said his highness, grasping her hand. "It was really awfully good of you to call. We shall meet again very soon—eh? Good-by."

variably did so in the presence of strangers.

"Those accursed women!" he cried. "Ah, Helztendorf, when a woman is in love she will defy even Satan himself. And yet they are fools, these women, for they are in ignorance of the irresistible power of our imperial house. The enemies of the Hohenzollerns are as a cloud of gnats on a summer's night. The dew comes, and they are no more. It is a pity. Has not one of our greatest German philosophers written: 'It is no use breathing against the wind'?"

"True," I said. "But, surely, it is a nuisance to be followed and worried by that little English girl!"

"Worried? Yes, you are quite right, my dear Helztendorf. But it did not mind worry, if it is in the interests of Prussia, and of our house of Hohenzollerns. I admit the girl, though distinctly pretty, is a most irresponsible person. She does not appear to me, but I am compelled to humor her, because I have a certain object in view."

I could not go further, or I might have betrayed the knowledge I had gained by eavesdropping.

"I was surprised that she should turn up here, in Ostend," I said.

"I had written to her. I expected her."

"She does not know your real rank or station?"

"No. To her I am merely Herr Emil Richter, whom she first met away in the East. She is a tourist, and I was Captain Emil Richter of the Prussian Guards. We met while you were away on a holiday at Vienna."

I was anxious to learn something about Miss King's brother, but "Willie" was generally discreet, and at that time he was not in the mood to talk. He was, however, very much annoyed.

"The emperor had been successful in coercing her into acting as he desired."

Certainly the girl's attitude as she had been in the past, to show that, in the contest, she had been by her woman's keen wit and foresight.

A fortnight afterwards we were back again at Potsdam.

A surprise package for "Willie."

About three months passed. The crown prince had accompanied the emperor to shoot on the Glatzer Gebirge, that wild mountainous district beyond Breslau. For a week we had been staying at a great, high-up, princelike schloss, the ancestral home of Prince Ludwig Lichtennu, in the Wolfsteinsgrund.

The emperor and his suite had left, and our host had been suddenly called to Berlin by telegram, his daughter having been ill. Therefore, the crown prince and we of the suite had remained at the schloss, and on the day after the emperor's departure I had spent the afternoon in a small paneled room which overlooked a deep mountain gorge, and which had been given up to me for work.

I had been given up to me for work, and I had been given up to me for work.

I had been given up to me for work, and I had been given up to me for work.

precipitates which with the depletion of oxygen have a great influence on fish life.

Electric Screwdriver.

An electric screwdriver is said to be a great time saver where any considerable part of the workman's time is taken up in driving screws. In the construction of the tool a friction clutch with a spring release is provided, so that when the pressure is released the driving bit does not revolve, but the motor continues in operation.

SEA WATER FOUND IN LAYERS

Lower Strata Contain Less Dissolved Oxygen and This Has Influence on Fish Life.

Land animals breathe in oxygen with the air. Fish get it, but less of it, of course, dissolved in water. Messrs. J. W. Sule and W. W. Skinner reported in a paper presented at a meeting of the American Chemical society that the lower layers of certain tidal waters contained less dissolved oxygen than the upper layers.

They show this to be due to the greater specific gravity of the under layers compared to those above them. In other words, the water is found in strata, according to its weight, and this prevents an up-and-down circulation. Remember, the water in the oxygen is also depleted by the agencies there is sometimes found to be very little of it in the lower layers. The depletion is greatest in September.

Tidal waves and storms bring

precipitates which with the depletion of oxygen have a great influence on fish life.

Electric Screwdriver.

An electric screwdriver is said to be a great time saver where any considerable part of the workman's time is taken up in driving screws. In the construction of the tool a friction clutch with a spring release is provided, so that when the pressure is released the driving bit does not revolve, but the motor continues in operation.

SEA WATER FOUND IN LAYERS

Lower Strata Contain Less Dissolved Oxygen and This Has Influence on Fish Life.

Land animals breathe in oxygen with the air. Fish get it, but less of it, of course, dissolved in water. Messrs. J. W. Sule and W. W. Skinner reported in a paper presented at a meeting of the American Chemical society that the lower layers of certain tidal waters contained less dissolved oxygen than the upper layers.

They show this to be due to the greater specific gravity of the under layers compared to those above them. In other words, the water is found in strata, according to its weight, and this prevents an up-and-down circulation. Remember, the water in the oxygen is also depleted by the agencies there is sometimes found to be very little of it in the lower layers. The depletion is greatest in September.

Tidal waves and storms bring

precipitates which with the depletion of oxygen have a great influence on fish life.

Electric Screwdriver.

An electric screwdriver is said to be a great time saver where any considerable part of the workman's time is taken up in driving screws. In the construction of the tool a friction clutch with a spring release is provided, so that when the pressure is released the driving bit does not revolve, but the motor continues in operation.

SEA WATER FOUND IN LAYERS

Lower Strata Contain Less Dissolved Oxygen and This Has Influence on Fish Life.

Land animals breathe in oxygen with the air. Fish get it, but less of it, of course, dissolved in water. Messrs. J. W. Sule and W. W. Skinner reported in a paper presented at a meeting of the American Chemical society that the lower layers of certain tidal waters contained less dissolved oxygen than the upper layers.

They show this to be due to the greater specific gravity of the under layers compared to those above them. In other words, the water is found in strata, according to its weight, and this prevents an up-and-down circulation. Remember, the water in the oxygen is also depleted by the agencies there is sometimes found to be very little of it in the lower layers. The depletion is greatest in September.

Tidal waves and storms bring

precipitates which with the depletion of oxygen have a great influence on fish life.

Electric Screwdriver.

An electric screwdriver is said to be a great time saver where any considerable part of the workman's time is taken up in driving screws. In the construction of the tool a friction clutch with a spring release is provided, so that when the pressure is released the driving bit does not revolve, but the motor continues in operation.

SEA WATER FOUND IN LAYERS

Lower Strata Contain Less Dissolved Oxygen and This Has Influence on Fish Life.

Land animals breathe in oxygen with the air. Fish get it, but less of it, of course, dissolved in water. Messrs. J. W. Sule and W. W. Skinner reported in a paper presented at a meeting of the American Chemical society that the lower layers of certain tidal waters contained less dissolved oxygen than the upper layers.

They show this to be due to the greater specific gravity of the under layers compared to those above them. In other words, the water is found in strata, according to its weight, and this prevents an up-and-down circulation. Remember, the water in the oxygen is also depleted by the agencies there is sometimes found to be very little of it in the lower layers. The depletion is greatest in September.

Tidal waves and storms bring

precipitates which with the depletion of oxygen have a great influence on fish life.

Electric Screwdriver.

An electric screwdriver is said to be a great time saver where any considerable part of the workman's time is taken up in driving screws. In the construction of the tool a friction clutch with a spring release is provided, so that when the pressure is released the driving bit does not revolve, but the motor continues in operation.

A LETTER FROM THE CROWN PRINCE'S PERSONAL ADJUTANT TO WILLIAM LEQUEUX, POSSESSOR OF THE SECRETS OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS.

Venceux Nadon, par West-End-Lang, Seine-et-Marne, February 10th, 1917.

My dear Lequeux:

I have just finished reading the proofs of your article describing my life as official at the imperial court at Potsdam, and the two or three small errors you made I have duly corrected.

The gross scandals had wily intrigues which I have related to you were many of them known to yourself, for, as the intimate friend of Louis, the ex-crown prince of Saxony, you were, before the war, closely associated with many of those at court whose names appear in these articles.

The revelations which I have made, and which you have recorded here, are but a tithe of the disclosures which I could make, and if the world desires more, I shall be pleased to furnish you with other and even more startling details, which you may also put into print.

My service as personal adjutant to the crown prince of Saxony, happily, at an end, and now, in the trenches of Germany against civilization, I feel, in my retirement, no compunction in exposing all I know concerning the secrets of the Kaiser and his son.

With most cordial greetings from Your sincere friend,

(Signed) ERNST VON HELTZENDORFF.

Then, turning to me, he asked me to conduct her out.

On returning to the crown prince, I found him in a decidedly savage mood. He was pacing the floor impatiently, muttering angrily to himself. It was apparent that some plan of his was being thwarted by the girl's refusal to conform to his wishes and obtain certain information he was seeking.

The crown prince, when in a foreign country, was never late. His carriage was always waiting for him, and he was always on time. He was, however, very much annoyed.

"Of a sudden I heard his highness' voice raised in anger, that shrill, high-pitched voice which is so peculiar to the emperor and to his son when they are unusually annoyed."

"But I tell you, Miss King, there is no other way," I heard him shout. "It can be done quite easily, and nobody can possibly know."

"Never!" cried the girl. "What would people think of your brother?"

"You wish to save your brother," he said. "Very well, I have shown you how you can effect this. And I will help you if you agree to the terms—I will find out what I want to know."

"I can't!" cried the girl in evident distress. "I refuse to do it. It would be dishonest—criminal!"

"Bah! my dear girl, you are looking at the affair from far too high a standpoint," replied the man she knew as Richter. "It is a mere matter of business. You ask me to assist you to save your brother, and I have simply stated my terms. Surely you would not think that I would travel from Berlin here to Plymouth in order to meet you if I were not ready and eager to help you?"

"I must ask my father. I can speak to him in confidence."

"Your father?" cried Mr. Richter. "By no means. Why, you must not breathe a single word to him. This affair is a strict secret between us. Please understand that." Then, after a pause: "Your brother is, I quite admit, in great peril, and you must save him. Now, what is your decision?"

The girl's reply was in a tone too low for me to overhear. His tenor, however, was quickly apparent from the crown prince's words:

"You have refused, and then, I cannot assist you. I regret, Miss King, that you have your journey to England for nothing."

"But won't you help me, Mr. Richter?" cried the girl appealingly.

"No," he said, and then, after a pause, he said: "You have, however, given me an opportunity to reconsider your decision. You are, no doubt, going to London. So am I. You will meet me in the hall of the Carlton hotel at seven o'clock on Thursday evening, and we will dine together."

"But I can't—I really can't do as you wish. You surely will not compel me to—to commit a crime!"

The crown prince's threat.

"Hush!" he cried. "I have shown you these papers, and you know my intentions. Remember, the crown prince's father must know nothing. Nobody must suspect, or you will find yourself in equal peril with your brother."

"You—you are cruel!" sobbed the girl.

"No, no," he said cheerfully. "Don't cry, please. Think it all over, Miss King, and meet me in London on Thursday night."

After listening to the appointment, I discreetly withdrew into the corridor on pretense of summoning a waiter, and when I returned the pretty English girl was taking leave of "Mr. Richter."

Her blue eyes betrayed traces of emotion, and she was, I saw, very pale. Her heavy-lidded eyes and attitude when she had entered there.

"Well, good-by, Miss King," said his highness, grasping her hand. "It was really awfully good of you to call. We shall meet again very soon—eh? Good-by."

variably did so in the presence of strangers.

"Those accursed women!" he cried. "Ah, Helztendorf, when a woman is in love she will defy even Satan himself. And yet they are fools, these women, for they are in ignorance of the irresistible power of our imperial house. The enemies of the Hohenzollerns are as a cloud of gnats on a summer's night. The dew comes, and they are no more. It is a pity. Has not one of our greatest German philosophers written: 'It is no use breathing against the wind'?"

"True," I said. "But, surely, it is a nuisance to be followed and worried by that little English girl!"

"Worried? Yes, you are quite right, my dear Helztendorf. But it did not mind worry, if it is in the interests of Prussia, and of our house of Hohenzollerns. I admit the girl, though distinctly pretty, is a most irresponsible person. She does not appear to me, but I am compelled to humor her, because I have a certain object in view."

I could not go further, or I might have betrayed the knowledge I had gained by eavesdropping.

"I was surprised that she should turn up here, in Ostend," I said.

"I had written to her. I expected her."

"She does not know your real rank or station?"

"No. To her I am merely Herr Emil Richter, whom she first met away in the East. She is a tourist, and I was Captain Emil Richter of the Prussian Guards. We met while you were away on a holiday at Vienna."

I was anxious to learn something about Miss King's brother, but "Willie" was generally discreet, and at that time he was not in the mood to talk. He was, however, very much annoyed.

"The emperor had been successful in coercing her into acting as he desired."

Certainly the girl's attitude as she had been in the past, to show that, in the contest, she had been by her woman's keen wit and foresight.

A fortnight afterwards we were back again at Potsdam.

A surprise package for "Willie."

About three months passed. The crown prince had accompanied the emperor to shoot on the Glatzer Gebirge, that wild mountainous district beyond Breslau. For a week we had been staying at a great, high-up, princelike schloss, the ancestral home of Prince Ludwig Lichtennu, in the Wolfsteinsgrund.

The emperor and his suite had left, and our host had been suddenly called to Berlin by telegram, his daughter having been ill. Therefore, the crown prince and we of the suite had remained at the schloss, and on the day after the emperor's departure I had spent the afternoon in a small paneled room which overlooked a deep mountain gorge, and which had been given up to me for work.

I had been given up to me for work, and I had been given up to me for work.

I had been given up to me for work, and I had been given up to me for work.

precipitates which with the depletion of oxygen have a great influence on fish life.

Electric Screwdriver.

An electric screwdriver is said to be a great time saver where any considerable part of the workman's time is taken up in driving screws. In the construction of the tool a friction clutch with a spring release is provided, so that when the pressure is released the driving bit does not revolve, but the motor continues in operation.

SEA WATER FOUND IN LAYERS

Lower Strata Contain Less Dissolved Oxygen and This Has Influence on Fish Life.

Land animals breathe in oxygen with the air. Fish get it, but less of it, of course, dissolved in water. Messrs. J. W. Sule and W. W. Skinner reported in a paper presented at a meeting of the American Chemical society that the lower layers of certain tidal waters contained less dissolved oxygen than the upper layers.

They show this to be due to the greater specific gravity of the under layers compared to those above them. In other words, the water is found in strata, according to its weight, and this prevents an up-and-down circulation. Remember, the water in the oxygen is also depleted by the agencies there is sometimes found to be very little of it in the lower layers. The depletion is greatest in September.

Tidal waves and storms bring

precipitates which with the depletion of oxygen have a great influence on fish life.

Electric Screwdriver.

An electric screwdriver is said to be a great time saver where any considerable part of the workman's time is taken up in driving screws. In the construction of the tool a friction clutch with a spring release is provided, so that when the pressure is released the driving bit does not revolve, but the motor continues in operation.

SEA WATER FOUND IN LAYERS

Lower Strata Contain Less Dissolved Oxygen and This Has Influence on Fish Life.

Land animals breathe in oxygen with the air. Fish get it, but less of it, of course, dissolved in water. Messrs. J. W. Sule and W. W. Skinner reported in a paper presented at a meeting of the American Chemical society that the lower layers of certain tidal waters contained less dissolved oxygen than the upper layers.

They show this to be due to the greater specific gravity of the under layers compared to those above them. In other words, the water is found in strata, according to its weight, and this prevents an up-and-down circulation. Remember, the water in the oxygen is also depleted by the agencies there is sometimes found to be very little of it in the lower layers. The depletion is greatest in September.

Tidal waves and storms bring

precipitates which with the depletion of oxygen have a great influence on fish life.

Electric Screwdriver.

An electric screwdriver is said to be a great time saver where any considerable part of the workman's time is taken up in driving screws. In the construction of the tool a friction clutch with a spring release is provided, so that when the pressure is released the driving bit does not revolve, but the motor continues in operation.

SEA WATER FOUND IN LAYERS

Lower Strata Contain Less Dissolved Oxygen and This Has Influence on Fish Life.

Land animals breathe in oxygen with the air. Fish get it, but less of it, of course, dissolved in water. Messrs. J. W. Sule and W. W. Skinner reported in a paper presented at a meeting of the American Chemical society that the lower layers of certain tidal waters contained less dissolved oxygen than the upper layers.

They show this to be due to the greater specific gravity of the under layers compared to those above them. In other words, the water is found in strata, according to its weight, and this prevents an up-and-down circulation. Remember, the water in the oxygen is also depleted by the agencies there is sometimes found to be very little of it in the lower layers. The depletion is greatest in September.

Tidal waves and storms bring

precipitates which with the depletion of oxygen have a great influence on fish life.

Electric Screwdriver.

An electric screwdriver is said to be a great time saver where any considerable part of the workman's time is taken up in driving screws. In the construction of the tool a friction clutch with a spring release is provided, so that when the pressure is released the driving bit does not revolve, but the motor continues in operation.

SEA WATER FOUND IN LAYERS

Lower Strata Contain Less Dissolved Oxygen and This Has Influence on Fish Life.

Land animals breathe in oxygen with the air. Fish get it, but less of it, of course, dissolved in water. Messrs. J. W. Sule and W. W. Skinner reported in a paper presented at a meeting of the American Chemical society that the lower layers of certain tidal waters contained less dissolved oxygen than the upper layers.

They show this to be due to the greater specific gravity of the under layers compared to those above them. In other words, the water is found in strata, according to its weight, and this prevents an up-and-down circulation. Remember, the water in the oxygen is also depleted by the agencies there is sometimes found to be very little of it in the lower layers. The depletion is greatest in September.

Tidal waves and storms bring

precipitates which with the depletion of oxygen have a great influence on fish life.

Electric Screwdriver.

An electric screwdriver is said to be a great time saver where any considerable part of the workman's time is taken up in driving screws. In the construction of the tool a friction clutch with a spring release is provided, so that when the pressure is released the driving bit does not revolve, but the motor continues in operation.

SEA WATER FOUND IN LAYERS

Lower Strata Contain Less Dissolved Oxygen and This Has Influence on Fish Life.

Land animals breathe in oxygen with the air. Fish get it, but less of it, of course, dissolved in water. Messrs. J. W. Sule and W. W. Skinner reported in a paper presented at a meeting of the American Chemical society that the lower layers of certain tidal waters contained less dissolved oxygen than the upper layers.

They show this to be due to the greater specific gravity of the under layers compared to those above them. In other words, the water is found in strata, according to its weight, and this prevents an up-and-down circulation. Remember, the water in the oxygen is also depleted by the agencies there is sometimes found to be very little of it in the lower layers. The depletion is greatest in September.

Tidal waves and storms bring

precipitates which with the depletion of oxygen have a great influence on fish life.

Electric Screwdriver.

An electric screwdriver is said to be a great time saver where any considerable part of the workman's time is taken up in driving screws. In the construction of the tool a friction clutch with a spring release is provided, so that when the pressure is released the driving bit does not revolve, but the motor continues in operation.

SEA WATER FOUND IN LAYERS

Lower Strata Contain Less Dissolved Oxygen and This Has Influence on Fish Life.

Land animals breathe in oxygen with the air. Fish get it, but less of it, of course, dissolved in water. Messrs. J. W. Sule and W. W. Skinner reported in a paper presented at a meeting of the American Chemical society that the lower layers of certain tidal waters contained less dissolved oxygen than the upper layers.

They show this to be due to the greater specific gravity of the under layers compared to those above them. In other words, the water is found in strata, according to its weight, and this prevents an up-and-down circulation. Remember, the water in the oxygen is also depleted by the agencies there is sometimes found to be very little of it in the lower layers. The depletion is greatest in September.

Tidal waves and storms bring

cept of that unique and beautiful brooch was, I saw, some sign, but of its real significance I remained in entire ignorance.

That it had a serious meaning I quickly realized, for within half an hour the crown prince and myself were in the train on our 200-mile journey back to Berlin.

On arrival his imperial highness drove straight to the Berlin Schloss, and there had a long interview with the emperor. At last I was called into the familiar pale-green room, the Kaiser's private cabinet, and at once saw that something untoward had occurred.

The emperor's face was dark and thoughtful. The crown prince, in his badly creased uniform betraying a long journey—so unlike his usual spick-and-span appearance, stood nervously by as the Kaiser threw himself into his chair and drew a deep grunt and distinctly evil grace.

"I suppose it must be done," he growled to his son. "Did I not foresee that the girl would constitute a serious menace? When she was in Germany she might easily have been arrested upon some charge, and her mouth closed. Bah! our political police service grows worse and worse. We will have it entirely reorganized. The director, Laubach, is far too sentimental, far too chicken-hearted."

As he spoke he took up his pen and commenced to write rapidly, drawing a deep breath as his quill scratched upon the paper.

"You realize," he exclaimed angrily to his son, taking no notice of my presence there, because I was part and parcel of the great machinery of the court, "you realize what this order means? It is a blow struck against our cause—struck by a mere slip of a girl. Think, if the truth came out! Why, all our propaganda in the United States and Britain would be nullified in a single day, and the 'good relations' we are now extending on every hand throughout the world in order to mislead our enemies would be exposed in all their true meaning. We cannot afford that. It would be far cheaper to put twenty million marks in a fund to buy the girl's silence than to let the truth be known."

Suddenly the crown prince's face brightened, as though he had had some inspiration.

"The truth will not be known, I promise you," he said, with a strange grin. I knew that expression. It meant that he had devised some fresh plan. "The girl is defiant today, but she will not remain so long. I will take your order, but I may not have occasion to use it."

"Ah! You have perhaps devised something—eh? I hope so," said the emperor. "You are usually ingenious in a crisis. Good! Here is the order: act just as you think fit."

"As you command, your majesty," I said, in order to remind him of my presence there.

"Ah! Yes. You know this Miss King, do you not?"

"I received her in Plymouth," was my reply.

"Then you will recognize her. Probably your services may be very urgently required within the next few hours. You may go, and my majesty curiously dismissed me."

I waited in the corridor until his imperial highness came forth. When he did he looked flushed and seemed agitated. There had, I knew, occurred a violent scene between father and son, for to me it seemed as though "Willie" had again fallen beneath the influence of a pretty face.

He drove me in a big Mercedes over to Potsdam, where I found a quantity of military documents awaiting attention, and after a change of clothes, I tackled them.

Yet my mind kept constantly reverting to the mystery surrounding the golden butterfly.

A Note From Miss King.

After dinner that night I returned to my workroom, when, upon my blotting-pad, I found a note addressed to me in the crown prince's sprawling hand. Opening it, I found that he had scribbled this message:

"The girl left Eckhardt not to trouble. Come alone, and meet me tomorrow night at the Palace hotel, in Hamburg. I shall call at seven o'clock and ask for Herr Richter. I shall also use that name. Tell nobody of my journey, not even the crown prince—Willie! Keep it secret, and after a change of clothes, I tackled them."

I read the note through a second time, and then burned it.

Next day I arrived at the Palace hotel, facing the Binnenalster, in Hamburg, giving my name as Herr Richter.

At seven o'clock I awaited his highness. Eight o'clock came—nine—ten—eleven—midnight, but, though I sat in the private room I had engaged, no visitor arrived.

Just after twelve, however, a waiter brought up a note addressed to Herr Richter.

Believing it to be meant for me, I opened it. To my great surprise, I found that it was from the mysterious lady discovered at last that I am not the helpless girl you believed me to be. When your German police arrested my brother Walter in Bremen as a spy of Britain I think you will admit that they acted very unjustly. In face of all that my brother and myself know today, at Plymouth you demanded, as the price of Walter's liberty, that I

should become attached to your secret service in America and betray the man who adopted me and brought me up as his own daughter. But you never dreamed the extent of my knowledge of your country's intrigues; you did not know that, through my brother and the man who adopted me as his daughter, I know the full extent of your subtle propaganda. You were, I admit, extremely clever, Herr Richter, and I confess that I was quite charmed when you sent me, as souvenir, that golden butterfly which I returned to you as a mark of my refusal and defiance of the conditions you imposed upon me for the release of my brother from the sentence of fifteen years in a fortress. This time, Herr Richter, a woman wins. Further, I warn you that if you attempt any reprisal my brother will at once expose Germany's machinations abroad. He has, I assure you, many good friends, both in Britain and America. Therefore if you desire silence you will make no effort to trace me further. Adieu!"

Twelve hours later I handed that letter to the crown prince in Potsdam. Where he had been in the meantime I did not know. He read it through; then he crushed it in his hands and tossed it into the fire.

(Copyright, 1917, William Lequeux.)

No Place for Women.

Underwriters at Lloyds in London were shocked to learn that the military tribunal had suggested the assignment of women workers to replace men fit for service there. There was even talk of a strike.

Edward E. Nicholls, a member of the directing committee, replied: "The tribunal doesn't know what it is about if it indulges this suggestion. Anyone who knows how business is conducted at Lloyds knows that it is a seething mass of struggling people. No woman could decently take part in such work."

"Underwriters are already employing women clerks in their offices, and they are doing excellent work. This, however, has been carried about as far as it can be. It takes a lifetime to train men to work on the floor at Lloyds. If more men are taken from it, it will simply become impossible to insure ships."

How Coffee Got Its Name.</